

Abigail's Lamentation

For the Loss of Secretary H-----y.

Translated from the Greek of Homer.

NOW Phæbus did with Frowns the World survey,
Dark were the Clouds, and dismal was the Day
When Pensive H---ly from *the Court* return'd,
Slowly his Chariot mov'd, as if't had Mourn'd;
Heavy his Mules before the States-Man go,
As dragging an unusual weight of WOE:
Sad was his Aspect and the wak'ning Dreams
Of PLOTS abortive, and of ruined Schemes;
As some sad Youth, whose Griets alone survive,
Mourns a dead Mistress, or a Wife alive;
Such looks wou'd *Russel's* Funeral Triumphs grace,
So N-----ham still looks with dismal Face.
To *Kensingtons* High Towers bright Mossam flies,
Thence she atar the sad Procession spies;
There the Late States-Man do's in Sorrow ride,
His Welsh Supporter Mourning by his side:
At which her boundless Grief, loud Cries began;
And thus Lamenting, thro' the Court she ran.
"Hither you wretched Tories, hither come,
"Behold your God-like Hero's fatal Doom;
"If e'er you went with ravishing Delight
"To hear his Banter, and admire his Wit;
"Now to his Sorrow yield your sad Relief,
"Who once was All your Hope, is now your Grief.
"Had this Great Man his *Envied Post* Injoy'd,
"Tories had *Rul'd*, and WHIGS had been *Destroy'd*;
"Harcourt the Mace (to which he long Aspir'd,
"Had now Possess'd,) and Cooper had Retir'd;
"Sunderland had been forc'd his Place to quit,
"Which St. John had supply'd with sprightly Wit;
"Sage Hammer passing Courts Employments by,
"Had rul'd the Coffers, Tories to supply:
"Gower had shin'd with Rich New Castles Seal;
"And Harly's Self, to shew his humble Zeal,
"Had been Contented with that trifling Wand,
"Which yet do's Mischief in GODOLPHIN's Hand.
"Our Fleet secured had been Rook's tender Care,
"And O-----d had been sent to Head the War;
"Blenheim to Radnor had been forc'd to yield,
"And Cardiff's Cliffs abscond Ramelies Field.

Sir T. Mansel.

Harly Parlia-
ment Man for
Radnor, his E-
state in Cardiff.

FINIS.